

THE PALATKA NEWS

AND ADVERTISER

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An unofficial Newspaper of the Democratic sort—just the kind you should keep in your family.

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WM. A. RUSSELL, EDITOR.

THE SLUMP OF REV. J. C. PORTER.

Independent of the divine character of its mission to shape the lives and save the souls of men for an abode of future happiness, the Christian church has come to be regarded as a pretty safe guide in matters looking to the removal of those stumbling blocks to right living with which the path of mankind through life is beset. The ideals of the church have been lofty. Compromising with evil has not been a plank in its platform. Making "choice of evil" has not been its practice.

Imagine then the feelings with which the great body of Christian people in Florida view the defection from these cardinal principles of Christianity of the Rev. J. C. Porter, editor of the Baptist Witness, who has simply thrown up his hands; surrendered in the fight against the drink curse, and now advises, with all the power of his pen, that the balance of the Christian army lay down their arms, go into the whisky business under the name of a dispensary and do what they can to make the traffic respectable.

These are not the words but they are the inevitable conclusions to be drawn from the Rev. Porter's advocacy of the dispensary system of selling liquor.

The ideal of the Christian church has been the total extirpation of the legalized drink evil. To the accomplishment of this purpose all its guns have been trained. From out the church has sprung such organizations as the W. C. T. U., whose steady purpose and constant fight has been the total destruction of the traffic. These organized forces have not yet succeeded in the accomplishment of their purpose, but they have made steady progress and have won many battles. They are constantly getting new recruits, and there has never been a council of war in which the term "surrender" was tolerated.

But now comes the Rev. J. C. Porter, who says the fight is an up-hill one and he is tired. We can't get what we have been striving for so let us quit striving. Instead of fighting the monster, let us adopt it and try and make it respectable by managing it ourselves.

To the credit of the Baptist church let it be said that the great majority of its ministers are not of the Porter stripe.

SCIENCE WORRIED HIM.

Prince George of Bavaria seems to be an avowed enemy of science. This young princeling has just gained some notoriety by publicly jumping, in a theoretic sense, all over the frame of kind old Prof. Ranke, who never harmed a living thing, and who has devoted his life to the study of man.

Prof. Ranke has mingled much with the elect of Europe. He has seen men wearing corsets. He has seen brainless fops ogling women. He has seen vanity at its worst, and he has run across enough throne history in the past half century to make him wonder if some human beings have a right to so far insult the animal kingdom as to claim relationship with the ape.

In his speech to the students of Munich recently, Prof. Ranke did not assert that Prince George descended from the chimpanzee or the simian. He simply touched on some fool habits of humanity and made a comparison that by inference would bear out Darwin's pet theory.

George got angry. He puffed out his chest till the buttons on his military jacket strained. It was feared that he was about to "throw" a fit. He denounced the professor in strident tones and swore that no member of his family had descended from an ape. He officially reprimanded the scientist, and made about as much of an ass of himself as a prince can, which is a good deal.

What a blessing it is that we are not all princes. There are only a few people who were a rap about their ancestors beyond three or four removes, and it matters not whether the originator of the average family first found himself swinging by the tail from a tall tree, or as a jellyfish or mollusk, clinging to a rock, waiting for the rising tide to bring his dinner to him.

The plain folks are so busy with the future, so busy being good citizens and progressive that they have no time for the mysteries of the past and the troubles of blue blood.

Ape or jellyfish, let science wrestle with the subject; the present incumbent is man, and he is moving forward, not backward.

THE REFORM IS TOO ABRUPT.

The past several Sundays have been remarkably dry days in New York. They have likewise been days of rejoicing among Tammany leaders, and days of grumbling among the saloon men and the consumers of liquors. As the saloon men look at it they are worse off under the Low government than they were under Tammany. That organization levied blackmail upon them heavily and made them divide the profits of an illicit business. The Low government deprives them of all profit by closing their doors and letting the Raines hotels, the blind tigers and the big hotels and clubs have whatever profits there may be in the diminished Sunday sales.

Attempts to enforce strict observance of the Sunday excise laws have always proved miserable failures in New York. The inevitable result is a temporary contest between the ingenuity of the law

dodgers and the vigilance of the officers, followed by the complete overthrow of the reform government and the reseating of the old, corrupt regime.

Reformers as a class are not satisfied with making progress toward better things inch by inch. They insist that the foreign element and the free and easy class, which is in the majority in New York, shall be completely submissive to the State laws which are satisfactory to the country towns and villages. The majority naturally rebels, and the result is exactly the same as when the deck hands of a big ship attempt to stop their craft short by snubbing her with the mooring lines. The lines snap and the vessel goes adrift.

The strict set have urged upon Mayor Low the fatuous policy of checking the easy-going element too abruptly. The result will be a period of unusual caution and skillful evasion on the part of the liquor dealers, who, by the way, are not ideal observers of law at best, and eventually there will be a complete overturning of the government to the party which was so recently deposed for cause. Some of the wiser heads like Jerome have warned the party that it is committing suicide by such a course, but the Parkhurst element seems to have the ear of the administration. Unless the present government will open its eyes to the mistake of abrupt methods it will be bundled out of office amid yells of derision at the next election, and reform will have trouble in securing a new hold.

VIRGINIA'S SUFFRAGE PLAN.

Republican newspapers in the north are dealing in a great deal of uncalculated criticism of the south, because a few southern states are changing and bettering their laws relating to suffrage. It is quite probable that the new plans will cause the disfranchisement of a goodly part of the colored vote, but the impartial enforcement of these laws will also debar the whites of both parties who cannot show themselves to possess the requisite qualifications.

The state of Virginia has been made the special object of attack. The new state constitution which is sure to go into effect, gives the right of suffrage to four classes of people: First, to all "who have served in time of war in the army or navy of the United States or of the Confederate states, or of any state of the United States;" second, to their sons; third, to any citizen who has paid, during the year previous to registration, one dollar in property taxes; fourth, to any citizen who can read any section of the constitution and give a reasonable explanation of it, or who shall be able to give a reasonable explanation of a section of the constitution after it has been read to him by one of the officers of registration.

It is the last clause that has raised the growl of northern criticism. But it is difficult to see where any objection to it can be made, provided it is fairly and honestly enforced. The ballot should be in the hands of men who have an intelligent appreciation of the American form of government and the functions of its different branches, and it should not be considered unjust to withhold the right of suffrage from any man, white or black, who has not sufficient understanding to become reasonably familiar with the constitution of the government under which he lives.

Throughout both the north and south the purport and meaning of this document is taught to school children of all colors and races, and the grown men who by their ballots decide the destiny of a sovereign state should at least be required to possess the same degree of information. The ignorant vote is the purchasable vote, and the purchasable vote is a constant, threatening menace to intelligent and honest government.

Mr. J. N. Whitner of Orange county, having decided to enter the race for Railroad Commissioner, will more than likely come in a winner at the home stretch. Mr. Whitner has a wide acquaintance over Florida, and is a Democrat in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. Not only will he make a strong candidate, but in the event of his election, a faithful and intelligent official.

It was odd that the president should be the last American to discover that torture was systematically applied in the Philippines.

Just as the Philippine war is comfortably ended once more, the dodgasted Moros begin to get gay.

A Humane Act.

A clergyman tells this story of a humane act by a man well known, and of whom there were many and diverse opinions.

"One hot night I was waiting in a Nebraska city for an electric car, which ran every half hour. The streets were early deserted; the only society I had at the street corner was a tall, stout, jelly-looking man and a homeless cur which wandered desolately up and down the sidewalk. 'I believe that dog is mad,' I said to my companion; 'he's very queer.' Just then the cur made a frantic leap at a trickle of water dribbling from a fountain on the square where he stood. It was not one of these fountains maintained for assuaging the thirst of dogs. Even the tin cup provided for the wayfarer, had been snatched from his chain.

"The poor animal's thirst," said my companion; "it isn't mad."

"He tried to lift the dog high enough to quench its thirst, but it only snapped and barked and struggled. The big man looked about anxiously.

"There isn't a vessel in this Christian city in which to set a drink of water before a dog," he grumbled. Then he made a dash across a lawn to a house, where the lights were out. Back he came in a moment with a large flower pot saucer. He filled it three times with water for the eager dog. Then he hurried back to the house to replace a large palm in its saucer, while I picked up the grip he had left beside me and held the car a few seconds for him. I never knew who the man was until two years later when I was in New York and went to listen to a lecture by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. The great orator was the man who had assuaged the thirst of the Nebraska cur."

Ready to Change Bed Fellows.

Little Tommie had been put to bed alone. It was upstairs, and the thunder rolled and lightning flashed unmercifully. He lay quietly until he could no longer stand it and then his little nightgown figure appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Ma!" he cried.

"Yes, my son," came the calm rejoinder.

"I'm afraid, ma. It thunders so and I'm all alone."

"Go back to bed, Tommie," came his mother's voice. "Don't you know nothing can hurt you?"

Tommie went back to bed, but not to stay.

"Ma!" he cried again, and this time the little figure was half way downstairs.

"Tommie," called his mother, "don't you know I have told you nothing can hurt you, God is always with you?"

"Then, ma," and this time there came an audible snuff from the weeping Tommie, "you come up and sleep with God and let me sleep with pa."—Lippincott's.

Wade Hampton: a Dashing Southern Leader.

From one of the great slaveholders of the south and one of its wealthiest men, the possessor of a vast ancestral estate and a history of munificence to poverty in his old age and the tenancy of two rooms, was the fate of Gen. Wade Hampton, who died a week or two ago in Columbia, S. C., in his 84th year.

Hampton had been governor and senator of his state, the idol of its people, and was one of the most charming and daring of the leaders of the lost cause in the war between the states.

Since the termination of Gen. Hampton's service as United States railroad commissioner, he had lived on the "sandy hills" near Columbia, S. C., in an unpretentious cottage called the Southern Cross. This structure was built in the southern style, of materials taken from the general's ancestral home at Millwood, which was burned in the last year of the war. Originally the cottage contained but four rooms, but later an addition was built in the rear of it, containing two rooms.

When his home burned in 1899 a wave of sentiment that swept over the state and the south started a popular movement to buy a home for the Hampton, who he might pass in tranquility his few remaining years.

The general was as proud as poor, and, although deeply touched by the evidences of affection and esteem so plentifully showered upon him, resolutely declined to accept of them in a single instance. To individual proffers he returned polite and positive refusals to take up the role of a pauper, and to forestall the popular movement projected in his behalf made announcement through the press of his inability to accept it. The general was the head of one of the most famous old families of the Palmetto state. His ancestral estate, Millwood, was one of the most beautiful in the south. Principle of hospitality to all comers was his rule. Hampton's father had a large estate in Mississippi, and as well as in South Carolina, and was the largest slave owner in the country.

When the war came Wade Hampton was one of the leaders of his state. For the inevitable conflict he raised the standard of the Hampton legion of cavalry, and he and his riders every man. The Hampton legion fought through the war to the very last skirmish.

In 1865 Millwood was burned and Hampton was practically impoverished. Just before the burning of the Southern Cross, Gen. Hampton passed his 81st birthday.

An offering was a rope of 81 bunches of fresh violets, brought by three little girls. None of the little maids was over 9 years old, but they blushed prettily when each received a kiss in turn, and said: "General, we will always remember this."

Disastrous Compliment.

"Depew," said a gentleman, speaking recently of the senator to the New York Times, "pays a compliment as gracefully as any man, and one would never expect to see him fail to rise to the occasion. It was therefore a matter of considerable surprise to me when, at a dinner where the senator was a guest, I observed that he allowed himself to pass several excellent opportunities to compliment a charming young lady of the company. Afterward I commented upon the omission to Mr. Depew himself.

"You observed the lady?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"You noticed that she might be extremely sensitive?" he went on.

"Yes," I replied, though, truth to tell, I hadn't considered the lady's disposition at all.

"Well," said Mr. Depew slowly, "I thought of a sensitive girl that I thought her as sweet as honey, and the result was disastrous."

"How so?" I questioned, though I ought to have known better.

"The senator answered me in a whisper: 'Next day the lady had hives.'"

What the Baby Weighed.

A chap who had been the strong man of his class at college, who held the amateur championship as a hammer thrower and had lifted 890 pounds dead weight, was wont to brag of his prowess.

"My muscles are like iron," he would say. "I am never tired."

Finally the chap married and became a father. He spent \$5.40 in telegrams to friends, \$12.50 for cigars and \$18.65 for drinks.

At the end of four months the youngster was an old story and weighed 22 pounds and a few ounces.

When the mother wanted the erstwhile proud father to tote the heir from the house to the trolley car the father made an awful roar.

Before walking a block perspiration poured down the old man's face and he breathed like a stalled automobile.

"This kid weighs a ton," he declared.

"My dear," said his wife, before we were married you boasted of your strength, and now even I became your heavy burden. You have come home at night, or rather in the morning with a load that would have kept you off a boulevard where heavy traffic is prohibited. Men are so unreasonable."—New York World.

Excellent Advice.

A young doctor had among his first patients an uncommonly dirty infant, brought to his office in the arms of a mother whose face showed the same abhorrence of soap.

Looking down upon the child for a moment, he solemnly said: "It seems to be suffering from hydrophobic hydrophobia."

"Oh, doctor, is it as bad as that?" cried the mother; "it's a big sickness for such a child? Whatever shall I do for the child?"

"Wash its face, madam," replied the doctor; "the disease will go off with the dirt."

"Wash its face!—wash its face, indeed!" exclaimed his mother, losing her temper; "what next, I'd like to know?"

"Wash your own, madam—wash your own," was the rejoinder.

"What is your idea of a statesman?" "A statesman," said Farmer Cortossel, "is an office holder who can quit thinking about quail on toast and in a while and remember the American eagle."—Washington Star.

Inexperienced and anxious young mistress. The new housemaid, Maria, is a Catholic, but I hope you will not allow any religious controversy in the servants' hall." Cook (with much dignity)—You needn't have any fear, my lady. In really high-class families religion is never mentioned!"—Punch.



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Obedient Spirit Saved Him

Judge Pennypacker of Philadelphia tells a story which shows the readiness of the Pennsylvania Dutchman to obey those in authority:

In 1864 Sheridan under orders, burned every barn from a valley above Stanton to a certain point below Winchester. A band of angry Confederates followed this raid, watching for a chance to pick up stragglers. Among others who fell into their hands was a little Pennsylvania Dutchman, who quietly turned to his captors and inquired: "Vat you fellows going to do mit me?"

The reply came short and sharp: "Hang you."

"Vell," he said, meekly, "vatever is de rule."

His good natured reply threw the Confederates into a roar of laughter and saved his life.—New York Tribune.

IS YELLOW POISON

In your blood? Physicians call it Malaria Germ. It can be seen changing red blood yellow under microscope. It works day and night. First, it turns your complexion yellow. Chills, aching sensations creep down your backbone. You feel weak and worthless.

ROBERTS' CHILL TONIC

will stop the trouble now. It enters the blood at once and drives out the yellow poison. If neglected and when Chills, Fevers, Night-Sweats and a general break-down come later on, Roberts' Tonic will cure you then—but why wait? Prevent future sickness. The manufacturer knows all about this yellow poison and have perfected Roberts' Tonic to drive it out, nourish your system, restore appetite, purify the blood, prevent and cure Chills, Fevers and Malaria. It has cured thousands—it will cure you, try your money back. This is fair, or your money back. Price, 25 cents. For sale by Ackerman & Stewart.

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